The Myrtle

"INSTEAD OF THE BRIER SHALL COME UP THE MYRTLE TREE." ISA. LV. 13.

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For the Myrtle.

November.

GONE are the lovely summer days,
Gone, too, the fair September;
Octo ber with its dreamy haze
Gives place to chill November.

We will not give him greeting cold,
And slight the hand he tenders;
But thank him for his gifts of old
And count the good he renders.

The last sweet flow'rs he sweeps trom earth,
But leaves them snugly taking
A rest, to fit them for the birth
That gladdens spring's awaking.

The leaves that beautified the dales
And gorgeous grew in dying,
Perchance he throws 'mid fitful gales
Where tender roots are lying.

Of all the sports of all the year,
Who of us can remember
The sports to childhood's hours more dear
Than those of old November?

How welccme were his biting frosts.
Enacting part of charmer
Upon the chestnuts, till they tossed
Away their prickly armor.

What joy to breathe the North wind free
And hear it briskly calling,
And see it toss the old, gnarled tree
And watch the chestnuts falling.

And then to climb the walnut trees
And set the nuts a flying!
Who would not join in sports like these,
Despite the chill winds sighing.

November brings us evenings long
That pay for bitter weather,
As with a book or merry song,
Around the fire we gather.

The apples warm in shining rows,
The corn is set a popping;
While round the circle laughter goes
At "hits" so slyly dropping.

November brings "Thanksgiving day,"
Of all the year the gladdest;
Or if we to our thoughts give way,
Of all the year the saddest.

For as the loved ones gather home,
Who of us but remembers
Some absent one who used to come
In other, glad Novembers?

H. H. D.

For the Myrtle.

Dykie Vane.

A STORY IN SEVEN CHAPTERS.

III.

MEANWHILE, Dykie was hurrying toward the schoolhouse with his heart full of joyful anticipations. Mr. Walter was going to help him! Mr. Walter had praised him for being honorable!

"Guess he didn't hear what I said about lyin' to Miss Brown," was his mental comment. He was to go to that beautiful house again and Mr. Walter was going to do something for him. "I'll bet a cookie"—he had not the slightest idea what a cookie was—"I'll bet a cookie that he will give me a handkerchief, perhaps two on 'em, and maybe a razor too, but I'd rather have one of them little red fishes in that glass box. My! wasn't that window pretty? The green vine runnin' all over it, the bird cage hangin' up, and the fishes' box standin' on that white

china table. How kind of life-like those apples looked in that picture over the fire grate! I'd like to eat one of them now, if they were real, truly apples. Aint Miss Effie han'some though, you bet! She looks just like the angels Miss Snow used to tell about. I wish Miss Snow kept our school now, she would tell me how to get rich and be like Mr. Walter. May be Miss Effie would. She looked mighty pleasant when I went in; she cried about me, too, I seed her. Miss Kate aint near so pretty and looks kind of cross; guess she didn't like me very well."

And thus he continued to soliloquize until he reached the schoolhouse. On the steps of the girl's door were seated several young misses,and as he approached one of them exclaimed, loud enough for him to hear,

"Here comes that Dyke Vane, and his face is as dirty as ever!"

The sneer did not trouble Dyke at all, but the remark reminded him of Walter's last words, and he wondered if his face was sometimes dirty. He washed it every Sunday morning, and no one had ever said anything about it before, but he presumed it did get dirty some days when it was hot, and he helped his cousin Tom shovel coal in the shipyard.

"I guess I'll study pretty well to-day, so that Miss Brown wont pin the 'fool paper' on my back. I wouldn't want Miss Effie to see that," was Dykie's conclusion as he took out his "jography." And so diligent and quiet was he that Miss Brown rewarded him with a white card on which was written "Good Boy," besides hanging on his neck the silver quarter of a dollar which was worn home each night by the most studious scholar, and which Dykie immediately tucked into his jacket out of sight, nearly as ashamed as he would have been of the "fool paper."

"Now we'll see about this face business," thought Dyke when the school was dismissed; so he went directly home, and mounting a rickety stool, looked into the little mirror which hung over the table.

Yes, his face was certainly dirty, "as dirty as ever," dirtier than ever before, he hoped, and there were white lines running zigzag down his cheeks where the tears had ploughed through, which reminded him of the chain lightning in the picture of a thunder storm in his geography. These lines were very white; that was encouraging, so Dykie went to the sink, poured out a basin of water, dipped his hands in it and rubbed them vigorously over his face, then, wiping off the water on an old apron of his mother's, he went again to the glass. He hardly thought it an improvement,for though the general effect was lighter, yet the center had rather a clouded appearance and the edges were still darkly shaded.

"I shall have to pitch in like blazes, for this don't look one bit like Mr. Walter," thought he. So he got one of his mother's biggest washtubs, filled it half full of warm water, poured in half a pint of soft soap, stirred it to a foam, and hastily undressing, stepped into the middle of the foam, then "pitched in." When he came out he looked like a new boy.

"Gorry! don't I wish I had some clean clothes," he said, when he put on the dirty rags he had worn so long. For though Mrs. Vane's employers said she was "such a beautiful washer and ironer," she seldom practised her art on her family.

When dressed, Dykie ran to where he had seen an old comb which some one had thrown away, and, returning, used it with such vigor on his wet hair that he thoroughly cleaned the comb if not his head. Again he looked in the glass, and ran his fingers through his hair till it settled in little wavy rings over his forehead, which were very becoming. Then he pronounced himself done and put away the wash-tub.

At the appointed time, Dykie went to Mr. Graves' house and was admitted into the little breakfast room. Effie was there alone, and on the table stood a little bottle marked "Indelible Ink" with which she was writing on some neat, strong handkerchiefs with plain borders of red, buff and blue.

"Dyke," said she, "these six handkerchiefs are yours, and I have been marking them with your name; see," and she showed him "Dykeman Vane" prettily written in one corner. Then while corking the bottle and putting it away she said, "I will call Walter and Kate; you are to stay here till they come," and left the room before he could collect his senses to thank her.

Walter and Kate soon entered.

"Good evening, Dyke," said the latter. "We want you to go up stairs with Walter, and when you come down stop in the parlor; we shall want to see you."

Wonderingly Dyke followed Walter up the long stairs into the bright little room which had so affected him the preceeding winter.

"Now, Dykie," said Walter, pulling out a chair

for the boy and handing him a bundle, "just open that and see what you will find."

Dyke obeyed, and found three pretty striped shirts, one buff and white, one red and white, and the other blue and white; also three pair of stout brown cotton stockings, and a pair of shoes of the congress variety; in a little box he found a pretty black necktie, and a pair of agate sleeve-buttons. In the greatest astonishment Dyke looked at the things one by one, then at Walter who sat quietly watching him.

"Look here!" and Walter opened another bundle, disclosing a full suit of dark grey clothes, trimmed with buttons and striped with black, such as were worn by fashionable boys at Dyke's age at that time. They were nearly new, for Fred's heart had been so warmed by Effie's glowing account of Dyke's poverty and worth, that he had unhesitatingly donated his second best suit for Dykie's wear.

"These are all for you," said Walter, in response to the question in Dykie's eyes.

Now this idea of being a gentleman was, to Dyke, no slight fancy such as some boys conceive and leave for the first new object that presents itself, but a deep, settled purpose such as few boys of his age ever form. Dyke had thought days and dreamed nights of the means to be employed in carrying out his object, and but for the kindness of Walter Graves, those means might have been foul; for the code of morality was not very strict in the part of the city where he lived. Dykie was proud,—his rags had not mortified him as some boys would have been mortified, but the possession of good clothes could afford him more pleasure than some boys would know how to experience.

Walter was surprised at the way Dyke received his gifts. A flush mounted to his forehead, but he only said very quietly,

"I am very much obliged; will try to do something to pay sometime."

"Don't talk about pay, my boy, but put on your clothes; the young ladies will want to see you in them. I will step into the next room, and when you are dressed you can rap on the door."

Hardly comprehending what it all meant, Dyke dressed himself, necktie, sleeve buttons and all, then rapped on the door.

Walter was astonished, the change was greater than he anticipated. The ragged newsboy had vanished, and in his place stood this manly little figure in the neat grey suit, looking so noble and dignified in his new born hopefulness and joy, that to save his life Walter could not have treated him with the air of condescension that he had used ten minutes before.

"Why Dykie!" said he, "Why Dykie!" and that was all he could say, so he shook the boy's hand heartily,—that hand so clean, and the coat sleeve with three buttons on the seam, how queer it looked to its dumbfounded owner! "Come, now, we will roll up the rest of the shirts, &c., and go down."

Was there ever such a miracle in the world, wondered Dykie. Could it really be his foot that went stepping along clad in that neat shoe? How different from the bare, brown one that went up those stairs twenty minutes before!

As they entered the parlor, the young ladies came forward to receive them.

"Why, Dykie, *is* this you?" asked Kate in surprise, and Dykie himself would hardly have dared to answer in the affirmative.

"You are real handsome," asserted Effie, taking his hand and leading him to the pier glass to prove it. And he was handsome, for his hair was black and curly, his eyes dark and expressive; and thanks to the wash-tub, his skin clear and fresh, and when he laughed with pleasure and pride, looking up in Effie's face, she saw two rows of the soundest and whitest of teeth.

It was when Dykie saw in the tall glass his very own features reflected, and knew that that pretty little fellow standing by the reflection of Miss Effie was certainly himself, and that the old rags up stairs were discarded forever, and heard Walter telling him that he would give him a hundred dollars a year to be his office boy, and he might go to the evening school at the same time,—then it was that the full, realizing sense of this happiness burst upon the boy's brain, and it utterly overcame him. Putting his head down on his arm, school-boy fashion, he cried a few minutes as heartily for joy as he had that morning for disappointment and sorrow.

Hastily brushing away the tears, he at last stepped up to Walter and said, in a voice which fairly quivered with emotion,

"Mr. Walter, I aint naturally a cry baby, but when things come like this a fellar don't know what to do. I'd like to thank you if I could, but somehow I can't say anything as I want to, but I promise you I wont never do anything that I know to be wrong as long as I live," and he looked as if he meant what he said.

Walter had had a little lecture in his mind all day, which was to be delivered at the moment when Dykie should thank him for his interest and assistance, but now in Dykie's face he saw a look of determination and energy, of resolution and strength, such as no lecture on honesty, industry, etc., etc., could ever call up; so he had the good sense to simply put his hand on the boy's shoulder and say:

"I believe you, sir."

Then when Miss Effie pinned a pansy in his button hole, Dykie felt as if earth could afford nothing more. *Eva Miller.*

THE cure of an evil tongue must be done at the heart. The weights and wheels are there, and the clock strikes according to their motion. A guileful heart makes a guileful tongue and lips. It is the work-house where is the forge of deceits and slander; and the tongue is only the outer shop where they are vended, and the door of it.

For the Myrtle.

A Kiss for a Blow.

LITTLE Pip—her name was Pauline, but they called her Pip for short—was at play in the back yard, when Watch, their neighbor's great Newfoundland dog, ran in to see her.

Pip was just the least bit afraid of Watch, he was so big and burly, so she caught up a stick and hit Watch on the nose.

But Watch did not mind. He put his fore paws up on the step where she was standing, lifted up his head and put out his long red tongue.

All this while Pip struck as hard as she could strike, and cried, "go away, go away, Watch," as fierce as she knew how. But when Watch put out his tongue, she thought he was going to eat her up, as the wolf did little Red Ridinghood, and then she dropped the stick and ran half-crying towards the door.

Her mother called from the window,

"Don't run, Pip; Watch will not hurt you. He is only trying to kiss you when he puts his tongue out so. He never bites anybody."

Then Pip went slowly back and held out her hands to Watch to coax him back. And Watch came up and kissed the chubby hands. Then she patted his shaggy neck, and he reached up and kissed her cheek.

"O mamma!" said Pip, rubbing her cheek with her fist, "Watch gives a kiss for a blow, don't he?"

"Yes," said her mamma, "Watch gives a kiss for a blow. He will not hurt you when you hurt him, and is kind and good when you are cross. Do you know any little girl that gives a kiss for a blow as Watch does?"

Pip hung her head; she did not know of any such girl. *H. A. B.*

"Our evil actions spring
From small and hidden seeds;
At first we think some wicked thing,
Then practice wicked deeds.

Oh for a holy fear
Of every evil way,
That we may never venture near
The path that leads astray!"

A Walk in the Woods.

OH, mamma, do hurry and come here; here is just the prettiest thing, and here is another, and still another! are those what the chestnuts grow in?

"Yes, my child, you may yet find one in which the nuts still remain."

"Here is one, mamma, with three nuts all close together, but these hateful prickers hurt my fingers so I cannot get them out; I wonder what good these ugly needles do. If I could only hold it tight I could soon take them out, it is so soft inside."

"Put it in your handkerchief, Harry, then you can take them out."

It may be a matter of surprise to some of our little readers that Harry did not know how the chestnuts grew. But his home was in the city, and this was the first time he was ever in the country in the fall, at the time chestnuts were ripe, and though he had often bought them at the stores, he never inquired how they grew, and it was all new and wonderful to him. He went about busily searching among the leaves for the nuts that lay among them, and filling his little basket. When it was full and he was getting rather tired, he went and sat down beside his mother with a cluster of burs in his hand, and seemed busily examining it.

To those who like Harry have never had an opportunity to see how the chestnuts grow, I will try and tell them. The nuts are enclosed in an outside shell or rind, quite thick and covered with fine sharp points like needles, which hurt our fingers if we attempt to touch them. This rind is what we call the burr. The stem that connects them to the tree often has two or three of these burs, and I have seen as many as six on some. They cluster close together till the cold frosts and winds wilt the stem and burst the burs, which divide into four parts and fall to the ground. The inside of this burr is of a light flesh color, and soft as the nicest velvet, and in the centre are usually three nice plump chestnuts lying together in their soft bed. They sometimes cling tightly to this nest and require some pains to take them out, on account of the prickly needles on the outside.

Harry had seemed to study the burr attentively a few minutes and then said in a subdued tone,

"Mamma, how strange this is; you tell me God makes everything to teach us some lesson and for our good; why did he make such ugly, prickly things on the outside, so I cannot pick them up without hurting me?"

"I will try and tell you, Harry; you notice how soft the inside, how lovingly the nuts are nestled together as if for protection; we will close these four corners, ah, here is one nearly closed. You see the burr seems like a round, prickly ball; your loving Father in heaven placed these nuts in their snug bed. From the long tasselled blossom his hand has formed the nut, and its covering of soft velvet, its thick rind and the prickly needles you so despise; these are to protect the nut from too great heat, wind and rain that might injure it and cause it to decay; and that it may grow and ripen, and when God gives the word of command, the frost and the wind do their appointed work, the burrs burst open and throw their contents at your feet. Thus, my child, your heavenly Father cares for the tiny chestnut and protects it with loving tenderness that it may minister to the happiness of his children. There is nothing too small for his care. Never despise anything that God has made, if it seem ever so ugly to you: he makes everything for some good purpose."

Harry took up the burr and giving it a light toss, said,

"I love you for you keep the nuts so dry and nice for me; go lie with the leaves, but you are better than they are."

"You are mistaken there, Harry; the leaves are of as much service as the burrs, but we must not stay longer now. Sometime I may tell you in what way; but it is time to go home."

As they passed along they met a woman with a large basket full of the same burs mingled with pine and fur cones.

"What do you suppose she is going to do with them?" said Harry.

"I'm sure I don't know," said the mother, "but I think she is going to use them for some good purpose."

When they reached home, Harry's aunt said it was Mary Dean, who supported herself and her mother by making pretty burr baskets and frames.

"So you see," said Harry's mother, "there is still another use for these pretty things of the forest, and another proof that nothing is made in vain.

Mrs. H. M. Holbrook.

Little Tease.

Hiding her grandmamma's knitting away
Teaching the kittens their letters in play,
Clambering up to the table and shelf,
Having a tea-party all by herself.
Quiet a minute, in mischief, no doubt,
Pulling the needles and thimbles about,
Sewing her apron, demure as you please;
Any one got such a dear little tease?

Printing her hands in the soft, tempting flour,
Tumbles and bumps twenty times in an hour;
Tangling the yarn and unraveling the lace,
Doing it all with the prettiest grace.
Mother is scolding her very bad girl,
Says that she sets the whole house in a whirl;
Looks at her pouting there down at her knees,
Clasps to her heart again dear little tease.

—*Our Young Folks.*

Our Sunday Schools.

OHIO

—The Ohio Sunday School Convention holds its annual session at the new Universalist church in Norwalk, Oct. 23d and 24th. A full attendance and very profitable meeting is expected. It is to be opened Tuesday evening with an address by Rev. E. L. Rexford. Among subjects to be discussed are the One-lesson system, Sunday School literature, music, text books, attractions, and aims. The Convention will close with an address by Rev. L. J. Fletcher of Buffalo.

MAINE.

—The Sunday School of the first parish, Portland, contains children of 300 families, and of this number 40 families are not otherwise connected with the Society.

MASSACHUSETTS.

—By the will of Mr. Benjamin Abbott of Boston, the Sunday School at Marblehead receives three hundred dollars.

—Rev. J. J. Lewis of South Boston, makes the following suggestions in reference to Sunday School work, in the *Universalist*. First, let each of our denominational papers establish in its columns a distinct Sunday School department, and put as editor of that department an energetic, skilled workman in the Sunday School. If any one fails to perceive the exact significance of the above, let him take up any one of the leading Evangelical papers, it matters not whether Methodist, Baptist or Orthodox, and turn to the column marked "Sunday School." Second, Let our Sunday Schools adopt the draft of lessons proposed by the Evangelicals for their seven years' course. The subjects proposed and the Scriptures referred to, of course, are not sectarian, but catholic; as feasible for Universalist as for Orthodox use. Third, Let each one of our papers put into the Sunday School column aforesaid the lesson for the following Sunday prepared specially for itself and its subscribers

In General.

—Mr. Beecher's church, Brooklyn, has three Sunday Schools, with an enrollment of 2954 scholars.

—At a recent Sunday School gathering in Amsterdam, Holland, presents of flowers in pots were made to the children.

—There are now organized in Suffolk County, New York, 105 Sunday Schools, having 334 male and 437 female teachers, and an attendance of 4298 scholars, making 5070 who are regular attendants on Sunday Schools, while the census shows 15,742 children in the county between the ages of 5 and 21.

—The collection for Muller's Orphan Home, Bristol, England, for the year ending May 26, 1872, amounted to $300,000, "all received," it is alleged, "in answer to prayer, and without applying to individuals or help." Mr. Muller feeling the infirmities of age pressing on him has designated his son-in-law, Mr. James Wright, to be his successor at his death.

Daniel's Temperance Society.

One of the Uniform Lessons for many of the Sabbath Schools in this country, has just been given out under the title which heads this article. The Lesson is in the Book of Daniel i 8–17. The account is there given of the course taken by Daniel the prophet, when he was in Babylon, and was held in such high esteem by the king and his court there. He would not imitate their wrong habits. He would not defile himself with the king's wine. The prince of the eunuchs complained of him, but Daniel manfully explained his course, and proposed to try the experiment with those who made ree use of strong drinks, so as to see whose health would be best, those who drank wines freely or those who abstained from the use of it. He was not ashamed of his temperance principles; he was not afraid to have them put to the test. He could be true to the convictions of his conscience, although in the midst of so many strong temptations to turn aside from the right and from duty.

A grand lesson to all our youth. Let the deadly drink alone. "Wine is a mocker; strong drink is raging; and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise" Take your ground for abstinence, as Daniel did, and keep it. Do not be driven from it by any temptation from high or low sources. If Daniel withstood all the enticements to a bad example which met him in that Babylonian court, who may not resist a like temptation, or certainly a less one, and be the victor over it, as he was?

Praising God.

"Praise God in his sanctuary" So the devout psalmist exclaimed. It was the Jewish sanctuary or temple where he worshipped, and where he would have others worship. The Christian temple is our place of worship, and we are called to praise God there.

We should enter the Christian church or temple that we may "offer unto God thanksgiving and pay our vows to the Most High." We should go not only to hear the minister pray, but to pray ourselves. We should go not only to hear the singers raise their songs and hymns of sweet and solemn sound, but to make "melody in our own hearts unto the Lord." We should go not only to hear the Word of the Gospel preached, but to take home that word and see how truly we can use it for our profit.

Let us be thankful that a merciful Father has given us the privilege of praising him in his sanctuary. May we so love this place as to say as did the psalmist, "I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God than to dwell in the tents of wickedness."

Death to be Destroyed.

The prophet Isaiah, in speaking of the blessings which God will ultimately confer upon his children, says,—"He will swallow up death in victory" The apostle Paul declares the same when he says, "The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death," or, "death, the last enemy shall be destroyed." And again, "Then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory." All this shall be done by that power of God which was given by him to our Lord Jesus Christ. He will destroy death. Is this true? If it is, we may be sure of this, that *eternal death* will not remain for any one of the human family. Death must come to an end. Life immortal must reign, and God be all in all. Let us be constantly thankful for such a glorious assurance.

——The little things which you may do for those about you will fall back upon your heart as the summer dews fall upon the vineyards. What if it is nothing but a kind word to a school boy crying in the street; it dries his tears, and the aching heart grows light and glad again. Who knows what cloud of darkness one kind word may dispel

Life of the Saviour.

LESSON CXI.

CLOSING CONVERSATION AT THE SUPPER.

"Now is the Son of Man glorified."

SCRIPTURE, — John xiv. 1–31.

Question. — In view of the death of the Master, what did Christ say to his disciples?

Answer. — John xiv. 1.

Q. — Why were they not to be troubled?

A. — John xiv. 2, 3.

Q. — What did Thomas say to Christ?

A. — John xiv. 5.

Q. — What did Jesus say he was?

A. — John xiv. 6.

Q. — What is the only way by which men may know God as the Father?

A. — John xiv. 6, 7.

Q. — When Philip said it would be sufficient for them if they were shown the Father, what did Jesus reply?

A. — John xiv. 9.

Q. — What would Jesus send them?

A. — John xiv. 16, 17.

Q. — What would the Comforter do for them?

A. — John xiv. 26.

NOTE. Jesus knew the narrow and selfish view of him and his kingdom which his disciples were indulging. He also knew the great and magnanimous view they would soon take of him and his work and of the love of God. They would see in him, after his death, the Saviour of all nations, and they would see in God, the Father of all the children of men.

Q. — When Christ should be with his disciples again, what would they know?

A. — Jonn xiv. 20.

Q. — How would Jesus manifest himself to his disciples?

A. — John xiv. 23.

Q. — Instead of being sorrowful, what would they do, if they loved their Master?

A. — John xiv. 28.

Q. — Why did Jesus say these things to them at the Supper?

A. — John xiv. 29.

Hidden Seed

Enigma No. 1.

Who knew his sons vile,
And restrained them not?
Who, by practicing guile,
Made hard Jacob's lot?

Who was Saul's youngest son
And rightful successor?
Who, when Moses was done,
Became Canaan's aggressor?

What bloodthirsty queen
All but Joash destroyed?
What man stood between
Mordecai and his lord?

Take the first of these names,
And a prophet you've gained,
Who prayed Jehovah the flames
On his altar to send.

Enigma No. 2.

My first is in jig, but not in dance;
My second is in sword, but not in lance;
My third is in hot, but not in cold;
My fourth is in new, but not in old;
My fifth is in gay, but not in bold;
My sixth is in brown, but not in black;
My seventh is in hood, but not in sack;
My eighth is in high, but now in low;
My ninth is in stitch, but not in sew;
My tenth is in white, but not in gray;
My eleventh is in river, but not in bay;
My twelfth is in plate, but not in pan;
My thirteenth is in gray, but not in tan;
My whole is the name of a noted man.

Answers.

Nov 2. No. 1, Lot. No. 2. Jonah in the body of the whale.

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